Numb. 4.

The Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

Sum Canna Vocalis.

From *Wedneſday July* 13. to *Friday July* 15.

THIS Morning *Betty Friſk*, an innocent good Creature, but being left too early to her own Government, a little fooliſh in her Conduct, gallop'd up into my Chamber. *My Dear*, ſaid ſhe, *A'nt you amaz'd to ſee me abroad ſo ſoon? but this is the thirteenth Viſit I have made, Pos — I have been pulling half the Fellows of the Temple out of their Beds.* Harry Toper *came home late laſt Night, and inſtead of offering me Chocolate, wiſh'd me at the Devil for diſturbing him, but I have ſtole away his Snuff-box, Pos*—Beau Formal *cry'd, This is an Honour inexpreſſible; to have ſo fair a Lady grace my Chambers is Happineſs the Gods might envy — but I burſt out a laughing, and run away again*—Beau Finical *was carefully buckling up his Perriwig, while his Man was improveing himſelf upon the Flagelet; and, would you believe it, that impudent Toad,* Jack Amorous *had got a Woman with him; I am ſure ſhe was a bold Thing to viſit Fellows in a Morning, and I wiſh I had told her ſo, Pos—Hold my Dear,* ſaid I, *I have often blam'd your Conduct, but you were too giddy to mind me, 'tis very irreputable for a young Woman to gad about to Mens Lodgings, ſhe that appears moſt in their Company, ſtays the longeſt for a Husband. An eaſie Behaviour to 'em in publick Places, is both allowable and Praiſe-worthy. A prudent Medium between too much Familiarity, and too nice a Reſervedneſs, (like* Hannah Scornful, *that hit a ſtrange Gentleman a Box o'th' Ear, for civilly offering to help her over a Kennel) gain Women a wonderful Reputation. The Lady you met there, might be as modeſt as your ſelf, and harbour the ſame ill Opinion of you, ſince a Conſciouſneſs of both your Virtues made you act upon a falſe Maxim, That a Woman who has Strength enough to reſiſt Temptations may do any thing; therefore avoid giving the leaſt Umbrage for Reflection, ſince you ſee, Scandal is got to that Height, that even you could not forbear cenſuring another, for an improper Liberty you at the ſame time took your ſelf.*

The Anſwer I had, was, what moſt ſuch pert rambling Creatures give one, *Hold your ridiculous grave Tongue, is not one tir'd out with Preaching at Church? I have my Fortune in my own Hands, and will do what I pleaſe, Pos — But Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *tho you are got upon the Demure Pin, I am reſolv'd to make you laugh, Pos—The laſt Place I was at this Morning (except ſtopping at the Hoſier's for a pair of Stockings) was to viſit my Couſin* Nick Dainty-boy, *as formal a ſtarcht Piece, as ever wore Scarlet Beveroy, or bridled at* Hide-Park *on the Cricket of his Aunt's Chariot; as empty a Coxcomb as ever whiſtled for want of Thought, and yet as opinionated of his own Merit, as if he were a* Cowper *for a great Lawyer, or a* Fountaine *for a fine* Gentleman: *To finiſh his Character, my Circumſpect Kinſman keeps a Diary of his Actions an't pleaſe you, which I ſlipt into my Pocket, and will read it to you*— 'This Morning at 17 Minutes 'paſt 8 I roſe; and having read two Chapters in *Job*, I ſat down upon the Squab, 'and ran the Heels of my Cinnamon colour 'Stockings; having call'd my Man *Roger*, 'whom for his Lazineſs I intend to turn 'away when his Year's up, I began to 'dreſs; and the Waſher-woman having neglected to bring home my Linen, I was 'a little angry, but remembring what *Seneca* ſays of Paſſion, I turn'd the Shirt I 'wore yeſterday, in cool Blood, and went 'out. At the *Rainbow* I call'd for a Diſh of '*Milk Bohee*, which being not ſweet enough, 'they brought me ſome more Sugar; Mr. '*Alcock* came in, with whom I talk'd near 'half an Hour about the Siege of *Tournay*, 'and my Couſin *Martha Stubbs*, who had 'got the Tooth-ach; afterwards went to '*Weſtminſter* to hear Cauſes, where I took 'Short-hand-Notes from Mr. *Baron L—l*; 'when the Court broke up, I join'd for a 'Coach with Mr. *Gravesby*, Mr. *Grinsby*, and 'Mr. *Bantersby*, we came to the *Trumpet* in *Sheer-lane*, where we din'd upon 'twelve Pennyworth of Roaſt Veal, and 'ſix Pennyworth of Butter'd Wheat: After 'Dinner they would have perſuaded me to go 'to *Cupid*'s-*Gardens* with them out of a Frolick; but I excus'd it, telling them, I never was Frolickſome; ſo went into *Holbourn* to ſee my Grandmother, but met 'with a great Misfortune by the way, for 'in *Chancery-lane* a Dray-man's Horſe 'ſplaſh'd me all over, which I ſet down as a 'Memorandum, never to go thro' *Chancery-lane* again. My Grandmother ſaid, I did 'not

not look well, and fancy'd I was a hard Drinker, but assuring her to the contrary, she treated me with a Pint Bottle of *Metheglin*, and desir'd me to read to her that Chapter in the *Apocrypha*, about *Tobit and his Dog*. I return'd to my Chambers, where I enter'd Baron *L*—s Speeches in my Book of Law Cases, read over carefully Mr. *D' Urfey*'s Modern Prophets, which I take to be an incomparable good Play, and dislike none of his Writings, but his Songs: Afterwards I diverted my self an Hour with my Flute, and plaid over fifteen Country Dances, particularly, that call'd *Bonny-Dundee*, which my Sister *Hoyden* is so fond of; 'twas then five Minutes past Nine, when Mr. *Gravesby*, Mr. *Grinsby*, and Mr. *Bantersby* sent for me to the *Queen's-Arms*, but having spent two Shillings to Day already, pretended I was out of Order, I then call'd for a Crust of Bread and a few Pickled Cucumbers, and having walk'd about the Room half an Hour to digest my Supper, I wrote Day's Journal, and went to Bed.—This Modern Sir *Politick, Wou'd-be*, every body must allow, to be an extraordinary Man in ordinary Things, and the only Excuse he can make for such a deal of vigilant Stuff, (by which he spends so much Time unprofitably, and and makes himself ridiculous to the World)is, that it keeps him out of Harms way; for in Effect, 'tis only burlesquing a good Design, which Men of Sense and Learning use, to keep a Journal of the most remarkable Passages of their Lives, useful not only to themselves but their Posterity.

Mrs. *Crackenthorpe* desires People not to trouble their Heads so much with her Footman *Francis*: One teazes him, and t'other teazes him, and the Fellow don't love to be teaz'd; she is loth to entertain her Visiters with Complaints against their Servants; but t'other Day, several of my Lord *Outside*'s Swearing Equipage, got him to the *Bear and Ragged-Staff*, where they call'd him Mr. *Francis*; and Mrs. *Frances*, pull'd the Papers off his Hair, and tore his fine Shirt that cost three Guineas. *Francis* is as tractable a Servant as ever came into a House, and can turn his Hand to any thing; when the Cook Maid's Sick, he'll dress a Joint of Meat, or make a Pudding, scowre down the Stairs, and mend the Kitchen Towels; if he's sent to keep his Mistress a Place in the Box, the Ladies are very easy with *Francis*, and will sometimes do him the Honour to talk to him; or if his Mistress goes to *Tunbridge* without a Maid-Servant, *Francis* pins up a Gown beyond er'e a Manto-woman in *Christendom?* 'Tis true, he loves a little Diversion, and 'tis fit he should have it, since his going abroad is not to game away his Wages, or spoil his Livery at the *Bear-Garden*, but only to take a Walk, see the Wax-work, or drink Tea with his Aunt *Dobson*; and tho' the Wenches don't love him, because he's Sober and Virtuous, yet while he is Mrs. *Crackenthorpe's* Servant, and behaves himself modestly, she will not have him affronted by any Body.

*** *Whereas the Society of Fidlers have taken notice, that several Ladies, whose Constitutions are impair'd by the* Spleen, *the* Hyppo, *the* Flatus, *and the* Hurry of the Spirits, *want a Musical Support, that if they walk the length of a Street, they are ready to drop down dead, yet can hold out* Country Dances *twenty four Hours together, without being the least fatigued. And whereas Hackney-Coach-men are very Abusive, especially to Women; and the Water is what not one Lady in ten dares veture upon; the Society have appointed Seven Hundred able Performers to ply at the Corner of every noted Street, that when any Lady has a mind to dance about Town, she may have a Fellow to play before her at Six-pence an Hour; if she trips ten miles out of Town at five shillings a day, the Price of a Coach being ten, or to any part of* England *at Reasonable Rates.*

†‡† *Whereas several Gentlemen and Ladies have accustom'd themselves to a very* indecent Laugh; *One hallows till People are deaf; another sputters in every Body's Face; a third Grins as if she fleer'd at the whole Company, a fourth skreams five Notes above the Pitch;* Solomon Simper, Laughing-Master, *who was Prentice to Mr.* Giggle, *and has since improv'd himself under the famous* Myn Heer Van Grin; *is willing to instruct any Gentleman or Lady in the* Rules of Laughing, *according to Notes; which he thinks ought to be as Musical as* Singing; *at the usual Rates of other Masters.*—Note, *He is a very great Beau.*

*** *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *desires her Acquaintance and others to send her the ridiculous Things that happen at* Epsom, Tunbridge, *and the* Bath, *which shall be inserted without any other Variation than what is absolutely necessary. Directed to Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *at Mr.* Bragge's *the Publisher of this Paper, Paying Postage or they'll not be taken in. Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *has receiv'd the Advice about the* Two affected Bar-Keepers, *which will have Place in our next.*

The Relation of the Perilous Journey to Oxford, *is come to Hand, and will be Published with Convenient Speed.*

*** The *Common-Prayer* in the *British*, or *Welch* Language, in 12*s.* with Singing Psalms, and 39 Articles, Compleat, approv'd by the Right Revd. the Bishops, as by Act of Uniformity is directed, with a set of fine Cuts, exactly fitted to it, for those that please to have them bound up with it. Also all sorts of Bibles, Common-Prayers, with Cuts or without, Rul'd or Unrul'd, Mr. *Sturt*'s Cuts curiously engrav'd; likewise Walker's Particles and his Idioms. Bp. Beveridge's Works, 8 vol. The Statutes at large, last Edition, 3 vol. Ld. Clarendon's History, Fol. 3 vol. in Octavo 6 vol. Dr. Gibson on the Sacrament, and Family Prayer-book. Stanhope's Works. All sold by *R. Whitledge*, at the *Bible and Ball* in *Ave-Mary lane*, near *Ludgate*.

*** A Letter to the Curate of *Stepney*, in Answer to the Would be Bishop, or Lying Dean. Printed for *W. Hawes* at the *Rose and Crown*, in *Ludgate-street*. Where are to be sold Archbp. *Laud*'s Funeral Sermon preach'd by himself on the Scaffold on *Tower hill*, 1644. and all sorts of Sermons, Poems, *&c.* that are printed for a Penny.

Sold by *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; where *Advertisements* are taken in. 1709.